The Epistle Dedicatorie.

To the giddie multitude.

CVstome (that imperious King, or rather cruell Tyrant) hath so farre preuayled in these our dayes, that euery Pamphlet must haue his Patron, or els all the fatte is in the fire: Now I not knowing anye one whose name I might be so holde with, as to make a shelter for this substance-wāting shadow, dedicate it to you al, so shal I be sure to offend none. And as he that speaketh in the defence of womē, hauing a flock of females for his Auditors (how-soeuer his cause be) is sure to want no wordes on his side: So let him that shall speake against this Toy, looke for more fists then his owne about his eares, & take heed of Club lawe, since the brainlesse multitude hath vouchsafed to take it into their protection. Now therefore, thou many-headed beast, censure me at thy pleasure: like or dislike what thou

 listest,

listest; but haue an especial care of this, that thou beest not ouer constant in thine opinions: But what euen now thou praysest to the heauens, by and by dispraise againe, as the vildest stuffe thou euer heardest of. Extoll that with admiration, which but a little before thou didst rayle at, as most carterly: And when thou sittest to consult about any weighty matter, let either iustice *Shallowe*, or his Cousen Mr. *VVeathercocke* be foreman of the Iurie. Thus relying on thy Moonlike constancie, I will shrowde this shadowe vnder thy alwaies-vnstedfast fauour.

The Epistle to the Reader.

I Will neither call thee gentle nor vngentle reader, for I knowe not thy disposition. neither will I terme thee learned nor vnlearned, for I was not acquainted with thy education: Nor yet will I praise this Pamphlet (as contayning pleasure or profit) for if thou beest wise, thou canst perceiue it better then I; if otherwise, it will be in vaine, for I shall neuer be able to make thee conceiue it. If thou like it, thou hast wherefore to thanke me, for procuring thy delight; if thou dislike it, lay it out of thy hands, for it were great follie wilfully to procure thine owne discontent. If thou dooſt reap any profit by it, the more is thy discretion; if none at all, the worsse is thy fortune. Thus not looking to be enriched through thy fauour, I shall still remaine:

Thy poore friend,
Peter Woodhouse.

In laudem Authoris.

HOmer (the glory of the learned *Greekes*)
To wright of *Frogges* & *Mice* did thinke no ſcorne.
Th'admired Roman *Maro* alſo ſeekes
With his ſweet ſongs the little *Gnat* t'adorne.
Great *Orpheus* Harpe layd by, they'l fill their cheekes
As other Shepherds done with pypes of Corne:
Yet can at will lay by their Oaten reedes,
And ſing of battailes and of knightly deedes.

One tels vs of a metamorphoſ'd *Aſſe*,
An other *Folly* highly doth commend;
He proues nath'leſſe, his wit vnchanged was,
And this his time oft time could better ſpend.
Neither of thoſe but at his pleaſure, has
Matter of worth with good aduiſement pend.
Either of thoſe (the wonder of his age)
Vnder baſe ſubjects ſhadowe matter ſage.

Now let who liſt this as a toye diſpiſe,
Such worthy Patrones ſince thou haſt in ſtore:
What though thy ſubject be of little price?
Thy wit appeares thereby to be the more,
Then let thy *Flea* ſtep forth, ſince *Frogges* and *Mice*
And little *Gnats* haue led the way before.
Feare not though *Momus* brood ſtill carping bee,
He ſnarl'd at *Homer*, let them barke at thee.

R. P. Gent.

DEMOCRITVS
his Dreame.

OR,

The Contention betweene the *Elephant* and the *Flea.*

WHen Titans Carre in th'Ocean was drencht
& Phœbus burning heat by Tethis quencht
And Arcas through the skye did driue his Teame,
My restlesse sprite met with this merry Dreame.

DEmocritus (me thought) chancing to meete
Weeping *Heraclitus*, thus did him greete.
What madnes doth possesse thy better parte,
That wilfully thou eat'st vp thine owne harte? (stage,
Call backe thy thoughts, and veiwe this wide worldes
Beholde (with me) the follyes of each age.
Marke for what trifling toyes, young men doe sell
Their wealth and strength, Heraclite marke them well:
And see againe when th'one foot's in the graue:
The lesse men need, how still the more they craue.

 This

This marke, with laughter sure thy sides will burst,
Or else I holde thee of the Gods accurst.
Not so (quoth he) I knowe I am a man,
Needes must I greiue to see mens follyes than.
That man is voyde of all humanitie,
Who is not toucht with others miserie.
Can one be such as you your selfe professe,
And see the shape of man proue reasonlesse?
Can he see this, and yet his eyes be drye?
He is no true Philosopher think I,
Reason's the forme of man, he who wants this,
May well be like a man, but no man is.
Marke this with me; and then I make no dout,
Thou'lt laugh no more, but weep thine eye-balles out.
Th'art much deceiu'd (*Democritus* replyes)
To think that this could make me wet mine eyes,
Vnles much laughter cauſ'd some teares distill;
Should I so farre pertake an others ill
As hurt my selfe, for seeing him so doe?
He playes the foole, should I be foolish too?
But see how mighty men weake ones dispise,
See how rich fooles contemne the poore, though wise.
And see againe, how in their owne conceit,
The least will not giue place vnto the great:
See this and laugh; if this too little seeme,
I'm sure thou'lt laugh if thou but heare my dreame.
To heare of these disorders makes me weep
(Quoth he) let's heare what mirth comes fro your sleep

his Dreame.

List then: Me thought a christall streame did glide
'Alongst a valley, by a Forrest side:
Through which an heard of Elephants did swimme,
From forth the desart, to the hither brimme:
Me thought it did me good (euen as I slept)
To see the goodly order that they kept.
The elder had a care, till all were o're
To keep the weake and yongest still before;
For so with lesser perill might they passe,
whilst yet the quiet streame vntroubled was.
And if that any danger hapt beside,
For their defence they better might prouide.
No sooner had the last set foot on land,
But all the rest about him make a stand:
When thus the big bone'd beast the rest bespake:
Perceiue you not how all the Forrests shake
When I doe passe along? how eu'ry tree
Doe bend their tops (in dutie) vnto me?
What beast in desart can with me compare:
I speake not now of the sex-changing [a] Hare,
Th'earth deluing Coney, or the subtill Fox,
The nimble Ape, nor of the labo'ring Oxe,
The watchfull Dog, nor of the long-lyu'd Hart:
For most of these at their owne shadowes start.
My awfull presence casts into a feare
The glut'nous Wolfe, and the sleep-fatted Beare:
The swift-foot Tyger, and th'adulterous Parde
(Which yet to wrong the Lordly Lyon dar'de)

a *the Hare is said by Aristotle & Pliny to be one yeere male, another femal*

Feares mine aspect: the spotted Panther too
Doth stand in dread, and so all th'others doe.
Why should I place vnto the Lyon giue?
I knowe there is not any Beast doth liue
Who dare compare with me in any thing:
But all would giue their voyce I should be King.
Content thee sonne (his Mother then replide)
Though thy great strength can no way be denide.
Misgouern'd strength (ô this too well I knowe)
Often procures his owners ouerthrowe.
Then bragge not of thy strength, ô would t'were lesse!
Thy too much strength may work thine owne distresse:
Though *Can* and *Will not* be a noble thing,
A Subjects can's not gratefull to his King.
Keep thee within thy bounds, and then thy might
Will glad thy freinds, and will thy foes affright.
Tush, tush, quoth he, leaue off your talke I pray,
Ther's no Beast dares my peerles worth denay.
But all this talke a little Flea did heare,
Which sate close feeding vnderneath the eare
Of a poore Sheapheards Curre, the which for feare,
Was crept into a bush and hid him there.
The Swaine himselfe (when he these beasts did see)
Did (for his safetye) climbe into a tree.
But the bolde Flea (not any whit agast)
To his proud speech, this answer made at last.
How long shall vnconsidered arrogance
Exalt itselfe? how long shall pride aduance,

Withou

Without or checke, or curbe, his hatefull crest?
Let Flyes then harbour in the Eagles nest:
Let little starres compare them to the Sunne,
Let all to th' first confused Chaos runne.
Who euer thought such insolence to finde,
In this huge lumpe of folly, this base hinde? (heates:
Thou thought'st perhaps, my vaunts now no beast
Yes; know that fieldes haue eyes, & woods haue eares.
Is there no beast who can with thee compare?
Yes very many, who both can and dare.
Euen I my selfe (though of a thousand least)
Doe estimate my selfe a nobler beast
Then thou, or any of thy lumpish race:
And feare not so to tell thee to thy face.
The Elephant hearing a little noyes,
Said thus: my friends fro whence proceeds this voyce?
Towards the bush he casts his scornfull eyes,
Where the poore Curre halfe dead for feare he spyes.
Alas, why should he feare (*Hercules* said)
He trespass not, why should he be affraid?
But (quoth the other) he reliev'd his foe,
Did he not wrong him (think you) doing so?
No, what he did was done against his will,
The minde doth make the fact, or good or ill.
I, but (quoth he) the thoughts we cannot see,
As is the fact, so must our judgement bee.
What though the Dog had done no harm at all,
Yet if the other pleasde it so to call,

He durst not stand to iustifie the deed.
For why? we see the slender-yeilding reed
Doth stand, when as the sturdye Oake doth fall.
For mightie men must not be striu'n withall,
To fawne & crouch, and tell a softe smooth tale
Doth often speed, when force will not preuaile.
This knewe the Dog who better dayes had seene,
(for in his youth he had a Courtier beene)
With faithfull seruice he to please did striue:
But honest faith, takes not the way to thriue.
But why dooft weep? *Heraclites* then wept,
Yet listning to his speech, he silence kept.
I weep (quoth he) to heare, that flatterie
Should often better speed then veritie.
I weep to see how rich ones take delight
To entertaine each plump-cheeke Parasite.
All doores stand ope to euery claw-backe lout,
Whilst honest truth is forc'd to stay without.
How wisdome findes but slender entertaine,
Whilst doltes and fooles doe licke vp all the gaine.
No meruaile quoth the other so let bee
Dawes best with dawes, like with their like agree.
Then forward with your Dreame (*Heraclite* said)
You left where as the dogge was sore affraid,
Then thus: forthwith out of the bush he cralles,
Before the Lordly beast he prostrate falles.
He humbly lickes his feete, and then him prayes
To weigh with fauour his distressed case.

his Dreame.

Most mightie Lord (quoth he) I hope you see,
That gainst my will this villaine dwels with me:
Betwixt my teeth I soone would crush the patch,
If I could finde the meanes the dwarfe to catch.
But good my Lord no more of this (quoth he)
(Leaning his mighrye limbes against a tree)
I pardon thee: but where is that bolde squire
Who durst compare with me? I much desire
To see that caytiffe, that presuming elfe:
Heere am I (quoth the Flea) and shew'd him selfe.
Heere am I (quoth the Flea) ready to proue
What erst I said, and downe he throwes his gloue:
Then trye the quarell, when and how thou dare.
Thou hear'st I dare my selfe with thee compare.
The Elephant (then smiling in disdaine)
Said thus: know wretch, I touse thy vaunts but vaine,
For why? if to this strife I should agree,
I should disgrace my selfe and honor thee.
Alas, what glory should I thereby gaine.
If thou, and all thy eluish race were slaine?
But t'were a credit for thee for to dye,
Slaine by so great and mightie beastas I:
The nimble Flea, thus interrupes his speach,
Thou striu'st in vaine my worth for to impeach;
This is a cowards common vsed pretence,
It stands not with mine honour: this defence,
Serues for a sheild to shelter cowardise,
But is derided of such as be wise.

What?

What? doe I not esteeme my life as deare
As thou thine honour? nothing but pale feare
Doth daunt thy courage. onely fear's the let,
Then th'Elephant, thou dost thy selfe forget:
For (each one knowes) vnstaind nobilitie
Keepes vs aliue, although our bodyes die.
Doe I forget my selfe (the Flea did say)
But who did then forget him selfe I pray,
When this vnweildie masse of thine, did dare
Vnto the Lyons grace it selfe compare?
Doe I forget my selfe? I doe thee right:
I offer thy huge bulke the single Fight.
Thou standst vpon thine honor: I tell thee
I'le prooue my selfe the nobler beast to be.
Thy blood is stayn'd by this vilde traytrous act:
Admit it were not, thou'lt denay the fact.
I'le proue when that thou wert the best of all,
Thy worth (compar'd to mine) would be but small.
And let what Beasts thou wilt, iudge in this case,
Till when, I will not yeild to thee an ace.
Each Beast in his owne cause is partiall,
And in his owne conceit, each dwarffe seemes tall.
(Quoth th'Elephant) By others, let's be tride,
Let others censure, this debate decide.
Who feares the tryall, doth his cause mistrust;
So doe not I, knowing that mine is iust.
Chuse thou an arbiterator for thy part,
And promise from his censure not to start.

I'le

Ile doe the like: let this be done with speed.
See yonder Bull which heer below doth feed,
Shall be my day's-man, if that he agree.
And (quoth the Flea) yon [a] Mouse shall be for me.
Why dost thou start? why art thou so dismaid?
What (on the sudd'aine) makes thee so affraid?
The Mouse (quoth he) shall neuer iudge my cause:
He is mine enemye, wherefore the lawes
Permit me from his censure to appeale,
With that vile vermin I will neuer deale.
Is this the beast (quoth he) vaunted euen now,
Each other beast would at his presence bow?
And see! a little Mouse doth make him quake:
No meruaile though the very trees did shake
For awfull feare, as he along did passe.
Is this the beast? sure it some other was.
But since the little Mouse (which I did chuse)
(For that he is thy foe) thou dost refuse:
I'le name an other, though I might defend
Me from the Bull, because he is thy freind.
Thy freind said I? you'r of one kindred all:
For [b] Bulles of Affricke some folke did you call.
I refuse none, from greatest to the least,
And loe, the Wesell, that same Princely beast,
Who (armd with Rue) aduentrously dares fight
With the foule Basiliske, which killes with sight;
He dares encounter that same poysnous breath,
Which vnto many mortalles causeth death.

a *The Elephãt standeth in feare of ye mouse for that she will run vp his trunke & through it into his head sometimes.*

b *Whẽ Pyrrhus King of Epirus warred against ye Romãs he had Elephants in his army which the Romãs hauing neuer seen any of thẽ before, termd* Buls *of* Affrica. Plutarch *in the life of* Pyrrhus.

That

That Prince shall be my dayes-man (if he please)
I choose him arbitrator for the Fleas.
Imagine all agreed, the dayes-men set,
Bent to decide the cause for which they met.
The Elephant did first the silence breake,
(For 't was his lot that he the first should speake)
The arbitrators had such order tane,
That either should his owne cause first explaine,
Without all interrupting, or impeach,
If th'one then could except gainst th'others speach
He briefly should declare wherein, and why:
And they would giue their censure by and by.
The Elephant (by lot) the first place wins,
And thus with bolde erected lookes begins.
My Lords (who set to arbitrate our cause)
I hope you shall not need long time to pause,
To passe your censure, when both partes you heare,
For I shall make it very plaine appeare,
This little Skip-iack beast, his worth is small.
Why grace I him so much? no beast at all.
For eu'ry beast produceth his owne kinde:
But Fleas to breed of sweat and dust we finde,
As his beginning is obscure, and bace,
So of his life is the whole course and race.
Yet graunt he were a beast, graunt him so much:
What judgement is so blinde to thinke him such,
As that he may be likened vnto me?
Whose breath oreturnes ten thousand such as he.

Looke

Looke on our ſtatures, ſee what oddes there is,
Such difference is there 'twixt my worth and his.
His perſon's little, little is his worth:
What acte praiſe-worthy can ſuch dwarffs bring forth
You ſee my limbes are large, my ioynts are ſtrong,
Able to further right, or right my wrong:
Let me ſpeake boldely, ther's no beaſt in field
But that (for ſtrength) to me will eaſely yeild.
Beholde (my Lords) this Caſtle-bearing backe,
And thinke what ſtrength is in this dwarfiſh iack.
Yet durſt the elfe prouoke me to the fight;
Well might the world henceforth contemne my might
If with this atomye I ſhould contend.
But too much time in that's well knowne I ſpend.
Leauing the bodye, let's come to the minde:
How many vertues therein ſhall you finde?
My fortitude in this moſt plaine appeares,
That man (who rule ouer all creatures beares)
Haue often vſ'de my ſeruice in the warres.
Euen Kings of men, in their moſt bloudy iarres,
One gainſt an other, vſ'de my help and ayde.
Who euer (in their warres) the Fleas help pray'de?
The Kings of wealthy Indye vs doe chuſe
As their chiefe champions, and our help vſe
In all their battailes: and in vs doth ſtand
Their confidence, and hope of all their band.
And not without great cauſe: for I haue beene
Whereas my father fighting I haue ſeene,

His [a] rider being downe and almost slaine,
He with his trunke did set him vp againe:
And forth his bleeding wounds the arrowes drewe,
Did neuer Flea like haughtye courage shewe:
Nay more, we fought (ô let me vaunt of this)
Gainst the worlds wonder, proud *Semiramis*.
Gainst her we fought, gainst her we did preuaile,
When as the King of Ind' she durst assaile.
Let my foe shewe when he wan such a field,
And I the victory to him will yeild.
He turnes his feeble might against his friend,
And suckes their bloud who doe him harbour lend.
But I conuert my force against my foes,
The wakefull Dragon, and Rhenoceros
Arm'd with strong scales, and with a peircing horne
Vpon his wreakefull nose, who holdes in scorne
But once to speake to such a wretch as thee:
Yet both their forces cannot conquer mee.
To proue my fortitude this shall suffice,
Because I knowe (my Lords) you both are wise.
Now if my dyet you will estimate,
(I dout not) you will graunt me temperate:
For temperance consisteth (as I thinke)
Cheifly in th' vsage of our meat and drinke,
And Venus sports: in these (this vertue's plaste)
He's temperate, who sober is and chaste.
My food is such as from the earth doth spring,
I liue not by the death of any thing.

[a] *The like was doone by the Elephãt of K. Porus in his war against Alexander but this was after ye time of Democritus who is supposed to dreame this dream*

I feed not (as the Flea) on others blood,
But the greene grasse conteents me for my food.
My drinke is such as the cleere Fountaines giue,
And thus doe I (not harming others) liue.
As for the vsage of the aire or kinde,
Not any beast more temp'rate shall you finde,
We bath our selues both before cairire,
As likewise when 't is done: thus are we sure
T'anoyd vncleannes; and our selues suffice
To vse this whilst we liue but twise or thrice.
In our liues length our temp'rature appeetes,
For many of vs liue three hundreth yeeres.
Whilst such as thou (the truth if you'l confesse
Shorten your liues with ryot and excesse.
[a] Phisitians which can botch vp your health,
Like vultures (whilst you liue) pray on your wealth,
As garments which are rent, botchers peece ore;
Your crazie bodyes (they) with druggs restore.
Thus are your liues a liuing miserie,
And death's procur'd by some extremitie.
But I with temperance my life prolong,
And ne're (with Phisicke) doe my body wrong.
My hope of health in mine owne guiding stands,
I list not put my life int'others hands.
O thrice vnhappy he, whose good or ill,
Stands in th'aduenture of an others skill.
Now will I speake of prudence: which in deed
Should haue bene speake of first, but I'le proceed

[a] Xenophõ *Libr. 1. de Instit: Cyri.*

Religion

Religion (which should be naturall
As meate and drinke) as common vnto all:
Though it of some slightly regarded be,
Yet is esteem'd and practised by me.
Of prudence this I holde the cheifest part,
From seruice of the Gods no whit to start.
And to be briefe, I carry such a braine,
Of Letters I the knowledge can attaine.
What would you more? euen this same excellence
Betwixt vs two declares the difference.
Heer might I speake of iustice: I wrong none,
But giue that which is due to euery one.
Of curtesie heere might I something say,
How when I meete one straying from his way,
I doe direct him how his course to bend,
And him from force of hurtfull beastes defend.
I could say more, but what need more be said?
I onely this will adde: all beastes were made
To serue the vse of man, who doth this best,
In this approues him nobler then the rest.
My strength auailes him much: and when I dye,
I leaue my teeth which men call Iuorye.
Aliue or dead the Flea doth nothing else
But troubleth euery one whereas he dwels.
If this be true; as I in nothing li'de,
Why pause you to giue sentence on my side?
Thus did the Elephant lay ope his case,
And then with silence to the Flea gaue place.

What

his Dreame.

What (quoth *Heraclite*) did he gaine his suite?
What said the Flea? was he not quight strucke mute?
Tell me *Democritus* what said the else?
Euen thus (quoth he) he answered for him selfe.
Graue arbitrators, now your selues haue tride
This beastes proud arrogance and daring pride,
But heare me plead (with patience) for the Fleas,
Then may you giue your censure as you please.
Th'one part vnheard, who lets his verdit passe,
Though he iudge right, no vpright iudge he was.
I knowe you doe reserue th'one eare for me,
Though not so great a beast, aswell as he.
Indeed I was not hid as in a Tombe
For two [a] yeeres space within my mothers wombe.
Yet lookewhat oddes is betweene slyme and dust:
Such difference is twixt our beginnings iust.
At first the earth did euery creature breed,
Yet he contemnes the earth as impure seed.
Proud beast who dares our common mother call
Impure and bace, th'earth's mother of vs all:
But he triumphes in his vnweildye masse,
Let this goe currant, it will come to passe
That you (my Lords) and all beasts else saue he,
Yea euen the Lyons selfe despis'd shall be.
He would ore crowe me, for I am so small,
Let this be suffred, hee'l out-braue you all.
Vertue consists not in the quantitie,
But rather is an inward qualitie,

[a] *for so lōg time is it reported ye Elephant going with young.*

We

We more esteeme the little Rhemora
Then the huge Whale; this little fish can stay
A Ship that's vnder sayle, in her swift course:
In a rough stoome, gainst winde and waters force.
Who makes a doute but little Philomel'
The yron-stomackt Estridge doth excell?
And though faire Ladyes much esteeme her coate,
Shee more delights them with her sugred noate.
The Ceder then the Vine is much more tall,
And yet the Vine is more esteem'd of all.
What wants in stature (oftentimes we finde)
Nature repayes it double in the minde.
But with his mightye strength he doth me presse,
Gainst which I set mine actiue nimblenesse.
If that he fall, he cannot rise againe,
But like a logge he lyes vpon the plaine.
By this meanes is he made the hunters praye,
When with a halfe cut tree they him betray.
In that great [a] battale and that bloudie fraye
Betwixt the beasts and birds: we lost the day,
Not through their strēgth (as they themselues confesse)
But rather through their actiue nimblenesse.
My seruice that day to you all's well knowne,
And therefore need not vauntingly be showne.
Then was I well esteem'd of great and least,
Who then made doute if that I were a beast?
I see a Soldiers seruice is forgot,
In time of peace the worlde regards vs not.

[a] *The Bat in this fray tooke parte with beasts & therfore after the victory was inuēted this punishmēt, neuer to fly but by twilight.*

But

But to proceed; he prates of fortitude,
And, that he's valiant would faine conclude.
He counts strength valour, but he judgeth wrong
Who saith the Oake hath valour: yet 't is strong.
But he (he saith) hath many battailes fought,
I, but true valour neuer danger sought.
Rashnes, it selfe doth into perill thrust:
That's onely valour where the quarrel's iust.
But when as vnsought danger doth betide,
His prowesse then true valour will not hide.
For such as without all foresight are bolde
Foole hardye, and not valiant we holde.
Let this great warriour, I pray you shewe
For what iust cause these warres he did pursue?
What, is he mute? then I the cause will tell,
For that his Lord to fight did him compell.
He saith that man his help doth ofte times craue,
It's false, he doth commaund him as his slaue.
No, doe not thinke such judgements to delude,
Amongst some fooles vaunt of thy seruitude.
Men vse your seruice often to their cost,
For one day's wonne through you, there are three lost.
Not warre alone, but other fearfull things,
(And chiefly such as death ofte with it brings)
Are fortitudes true objects: heerin lyes
His cheifest force these perrils to despise.
When man with pressing nayle seekes me to kill,
My guts about my heeles, I march on still.

And though in this great broyle I was neere slaine,
The daunger past, I boldely bite againe.
Was thy Syre's valour (thinkst thou) like to this,
When as thou fought gainst proud *Semiramis*?
Hast thou no wound? may be thou wilt not start,
But I fight hauing lost my hinder parte;
Euen halfe my body being tane away,
I flye not but dare still maintaine the fray.
I dare aduenture in each dangerous place,
And beard the boldest Ruffen to his face:
What dare I not? I knowe that I am free,
And doe enioy most perfect libertie.
He brags that he is entertain'd of Kings,
And so am I, but yet for diuers thinges.
He as a drudge or as a sturdie slaue,
My company at bed and boord they'l haue.
The fayrest Ladyes that doe liue in Court,
Will sometime entertaine me in such sort;
As he would hang himselfe to finde the grace,
But once to harbour in so sweet a place.
O, this is such a sweet felicitie,
That men enuying my prosperitie,
Haue wisht to be transformed into Fleas,
That so they better might their fancie please.
By this desire of theirs is plainly showne,
They thought my state was better then their owne:
And therefore men (for all thy haughty vaunts)
Neuer desire to become Elephants.

The Elephant being wounded. rageth against all & come in his way. & so doth more hurt on his owne party

Ouid.

For

For if they so were chang'd, they plainly see:
Their state should be made worsse, not bettered bee.
My shape they wish for, thereby to obtaine
This libertye which else they cannot gaine.
The coyest dames in Citie or in Court,
Affoord the Flea free scope him selfe to sport
In their softe bosomes: and without denay,
At his best pleasure he may lower stray.
I say no more of this least I be blam'd,
But thus conclude, I am a Courtier fram'd.
My face and legges, will suite a Prince his hall,
For th'one I knowe is smooth, the other small.
Vaunt on and spare not of thy mighty foes:
I will reioyce I haue such freinds as those.
Much of thy sober dyet thou doost preach
The Fox hates grapes when they't out of his reach.
So needy beggers speake of pouertie,
And gelded men vaunt of their chastitie.
Thou neuer knewst what better dyet ment,
And therefore arte with such base stuffe content.
Man, who deuoures both birds, and beasts, and fish,
Will spare his bloud for me to be my dish.
Thus I reuenge the bloud of beasts are slaine
To feed his paunch; and shed his bloud againe.
I thinke in this thou quit'st vs free from lust,
In that thou saist we breed out of the dust.
Thou tel'st vs also of thy curtesie,
Are these the markes of thy nobilitie?

These vertues which thou nam'dst may gentrie trye,
But wherein art thou nobler yet then I?
That thou canst learne to knowe a Letter? tush:
I count that learning hardly worth a rush.
To what good purpose canst thou this applye?
But I am skilfull in Astronomye.
I can foretell what weather shall ensue,
And thereof before hand by signes I shewe.
When I bite sore, the Plow-man knoweth plaine
(Foretolde by me) he shortly shall haue raine.
When he doth snort secure, I him awake,
That to good thoughts himselfe he may betake.
Thus doe I wisely things farre off foresee,
And not such onely as before me bee.
Art thou religious? I am so too,
For looke what men awak't by me shall doe
Is mine: mine are their vowes and prayers all;
What good they then shall doe, I may mine call.
And to be briefe, thus I conclude in fine:
All that they thinke, or say, or doe, is mine.
Thou saist thy teeth are good, they are: but when?
When thou art dead: they'r neuer good till then.
What good thou liuing doost, that is thine all:
But good done after death, scarce ours I call.
How long thou liu'st I care not, not can tell,
How long we liue it skils not, but how well,
And for mans seruice I come not behinde,
He proffits but the bodye, I the minde.

Thus

his Dreame.

Thus haue you heard (my Lords) both him and mee,
And both of vs awaite for your decree.
If that he doe except against my speech,
With fauour heare mine answer I beseech.
Thus did the Flea (me thought) conclude his Theame,
At which I heartily laught euen in my dreame.
How now *Heraclitus*, dooſt not laugh yet?
At what quoth he? me thinks this tale ſhould ſet
Teares from the hardeſt flint: laugh I dooſt aske?
What, to ſee vice thus put on vertues maske?
To heare a villaine tell ſo ſmooth a tale,
And hipocrites ſet vp ſo full a ſaile?
To ſee how great ones ſtill would greater be,
And none contented with their owne degree?
How lightly others vertues ſome doe weigh,
Whilſt that ſelfe loue doth beare ſo great a ſwaye,
O, when I heare that beaſts vſe reaſon, then
I weep to thinke beaſts liue in ſhape of men.
But on, I pray you on, your dreame purſue,
And let me knowe what verdit did enſue.
Nay ſtay (quoth he) you are too forward, fie:
Firſt pray you heare the Elephants replye.
My Lords (quoth he) before you further goe,
I pray you heare me ſpeake a worde or two.
Mine enemye thinkes with a glozing tongue
And ſmooth filde ſpeech, to boulſter out his wrong.
Thou tels how great ones doe thee entertaine,
And yet euen thoſe thy company diſdaine.

But doe they harbour thee, and giue thee food?
The more vngratefull thou to sucke their blood.
This is the wicked custome of our dayes,
To seeke their ruyne who first did them raise.
Foule sinne hath set her markes vpon thy backe,
And (like her selfe) hath cloathed thee in blacke.
Doe Ladyes harbour thee? thou doost them wrong:
They all would rather haue thy roome then throng.
Too many such intruding mates we haue,
Who boast how Ladyes doe their presence craue.
Thou rau'st gainst great ones, rail'st against their life,
Such foule mouth'd curres are now adayes too rife.
So vse base groomes seeking themselues to raise,
Discredit others, others doe dispraise.
Wanting desert, he to your fauour flyes:
But herein (as I thinke) true bountie lyes,
That you may be enforced to wrong none
For that you doe entend to giue to one.
For many often-times such gifts doe make,
They are inforst from others for to take.
The enuye of my greatnes makes him speake,
He must haue vent, or his swolne heart will breake.
As shadowes still attend vpon the Sunne,
So glory yet could neuer enuye shunne.
Where as fire is, there alwayes will be smoake,
Enuye will euer seeke vertue to choake.
Thus haue you heard in briefe what I can say,
Thus ends my speech, I for your censure stay.

his Dreame.

But the arthe Flea; yet heard me a fewe words
(According to your order) reuerent Lords.
He sayes, mongst great ones I my selfe intrude,
And then doth charge me with ingratitude,
O see how well his speeches doe agree:
Obserue them well, you'l finde them contrary.
Either their entertaine must willing be,
Or from ingratitude acquit me free.
Am I in debt to him who did me good?
Yet to his power alwayes the same withstood?
The wise oft-times reap profit from their foes,
Yet who accounts them bounden vnto those?
If that turne good which for my hurt was ment,
Ile thanke my fortune, and not his intent.
But was he willing? then I may conclude,
He wrongs me much, who saith I did intrude.
Fauour and force, neuer so well agree,
That both at once can in one subject bee.
But when he sawe his speech truth's colour lacke,
He wrangles at my colour, cause tis blacke.
Mislikes he blacke? heerat much meruaile I:
He neuer could abide his [a] contrary.
He knowes not well what 't is stands in his light,
He neither can away with blacke nor white.
I enuye not thy greatnes, for with all,
Such as thou art (I knowe) will be thy fall.
Little I am, and little will I say,
But heere I end, and doe your verdit pray.

[a] *It is written of the Elephant, that he cannot away with the sight of white colour.*

Heraclis.

Democritus

Heraclit said shewe what their censure was,
I long to heare on which side it did passe.
Then must you lose your longing (ile be plaine)
Or else must stay vntill I dreame againe.
I thought (to heare the verdit) to drawe neare,
And so awak't, and thus my dreame you heare.
What dost not laugh? thou art no man at all;
Laughter to man is alway naturall,
And to[a] man onely: if thou bee'st not such,
Though thou laugh not, I will not meruaile much.
No man quoth he? why, dost thou count him none
Who is not toucht with each affection?
Well, be it so; although I laugh not now,
I could (if I see cause) as well as thou.
But heere were rather greater cause to weepe,
If cause of either can proceed from sleepe.
For when as all these foggie fumes are spent,
Which to the braine, were from the stomacke sent.
Our restlesse phantasies repeat things ore,
Which we imagined the day before.
For nothing comes in our intelligence,
Which was not let in by the doore of sence.
The seu'rall thinges which we awake recite,
In dreames our fancies oftentimes vnite.
As when of golde and mountaines hath bene tolde,
Our dreames present vs mountaines all of golde.
We talke of horses, and of flying things,
And then we dreame of horses that haue wings.

[a] *We read how ye Crocodile will weep by nature: the hyena will counterfet mans voice to lure, but no creature (saue man) can laugh by nature.*

T'is

his Dreame.

Tis like of beasts, and strife, hath beene thy theame,
And that from thence proceedes this idle dreame.
Idle dooſt call it? quoth *Democritus*)
Yet rather had I thou ſhouldſt terme it thus,
Then to interpret, or to wreſt it, ſo
As curious and buſie heads would doe.
What by the Flea? what by the Dog was ment?
What by the Elephant, was his intent?
They'l ayme at this, and that perticuler,
And each thing as it pleaſeth them transfer.
Such fooles as theſe would deſcant on my dreame,
And it interpret, as it beſt ſhall ſeeme
To their weake wit, and blunt capacitye,
Cenſure each worde, each ſentence miſapplye.
If I ſhould light on ſuch a giddie aſſe,
I'd ſcorne to anſwer him, but let him paſſe.
But vnto thee an anſwer muſt be ſought,
You ſay dreames doe repeat but things forethought,
In ſuch 't is true, as ſleepe free ſcope affoord,
But ſuch as I vſe ſleepe, not as a Lord,
Not ſuffring it to rule, but ſerue our need,
And thus from this ſame ſorte of dreames are freed.
Such dreames as theſe on morning ſleepers creep,
And hap to ſuch as glut themſelues with ſleep.
In ſleep our ſoules [a] vſe their diuinitie,
And hence we proue their immortalitie.
For whilſt we ſleep, our bodyes are as dead,
And then they ſtand our ſoules in little ſtead.

[a] *So ſaith* Cici. *in his book* de ſenectute, *alleaging it out of* Xenophon de exped. Cyri

And yet most perfect in her workes is shee,
Whilst that she thus is from the body free.
Her faculties now can she vse so well,
That thinges to come she sometime can foretell.
And since she life doth to the body gine,
We knowe she can without the body liue.
To such as doe their soules vncombred keepe,
The Gods reueale their secrets in their sleepe.
Thus vnto me perhaps the Gods haue done,
And therefore *Iouius* (God *Iouius* sonne)
Shew'd me this vision, thereby to taske
Some vice, which thus in shape of beasts did maske.
The Elephant, the Flea; termes generall:
So eu'ry one of either kinde we call.
Some kinde of faultes, and not some faultie men
Are heerby noted it appeareth then.
Why make you this Apologie (quoth he)
I hope you take me no such foole to be
Thus to coniecture; how so ere it seeme,
I let it passe knowing 'twas but a dreame:
The Gods haue something else to doe beside,
What man? you say th'aue many worlds to guide.
Thinkst thou the Gods will leaue their heauenly ioyes,
And thus molest themselues with such like toyes?
No, no, they are but idle fantasies,
Which from thy mirth-deuoted thoughts arise.
No, no, fond man, these wordes he weeping spake,
This same name (man) makes me all mirth forsake.

a Democr. held opinio that there were many worldes, w Alexander the greate hearing of, wept, because hee had not full ly conquered one of thē.

For

his Dreame.

For what is man? nought else but miserye:
No sooner borne, but he begins to dye. (weep.
Hee's weeping borne; which proues hee's borne to
And all his life's or spent in woe, or sleep.
Nay this his misery doth proue most plaine,
That not one man could become young againe.
On this condition to repeat o're,
Both th'woes and pleasures which he had before.
O no, there is no man so fond, but knowes
That for one pleasure, he had twenty woes.
Heere teares did drowne his speech (which fast did fall)
Thinking to comfort him, I wak't with all.

A Shadowe of a shadowe thus you see,
Alas what substance in it then can bee?
If any thing herein amisse doe seeme:
Consider 'twas a dreame, dreamt of a dreame.

FINIS.

Many, many things haue written,
When th'ad better still haue sitten.
Peraduenture so had I:
Yet I knowe no reason why.
It's a foolish toy I write,
And in folly most delight:
Then (I hope) it will please many,
And not be dislikte of any,
Euen from tales of Robin Hood,
Wise men alway picke some good.
None (I trust) offend I shall,
So I take my leaue of all.

Peter Woodhouse.

CHILDES PATRIMONY LAID OVT VPON THE GOOD CVLTVRE OR TILLING OVER HIS WHOLE MAN.

The first Part,

Respecting a Childe in his first and second Age.

Whom thou hast borne unto me. Ezek. 16.
In the feare of the Lord is strong Confidence, and his Childre shall have a place of refuge. Prov. 14. 26.

Filium pater, &c. *A Parent must offer his Childe to the Lord, he must not deferre; that as he hath been a means to give it a life here, he may conferre something toward the obtaining for it a better life hereafter.* Chrysolog. Serm. 10.

Ὀῖμαι πᾶσιν ὡμολογῆσθαι τὸν νῦν ἐχόντων παίδευσιν τῶν παρ' ἡμῖν ἀγαθῶν εἶναι τὸ πρῶτον. Nazianz. orat. 20. p. 323.

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